



## FUNNY FOLKS



### Stands to Reason.

Mrs. Hayseed (noticing the fire escapes at a city hotel)—I wonder what them outside stairs are fer?

Mr. Hayseed—Use yer brains, Miranda, if you've got any. This is a hotel, ain't it?

"Of course."

"Well, a hotel has all sorts of people in it, and taint likely they all git up at the same time, is it?"

"I s'pose not."

"Course not. Some goes to work earlier than others, and some has to catch trains. I s'pose them outside stairs is so that the early risers can git down to the pump without makin' any noise."—N. Y. Weekly.

### Had the Laugh First.

An old gentleman was walking down one of the streets in Manchester when he saw a boy crying outside a house, and thinking he might comfort him, he asked him what was the matter.

"Father's laying the e-carpet down."

"Well, and does that unpleasant task make you cry?"

"No—no; he hit his thumb."

"Oh! You are sorry for your father, I s'pose?"

"No—no, I laughed!"—London Answers.

### Couldn't Account for It.

Uncle Ezra Wilkins—Hanged if these city folks ha'n't queer. That young dude thet's with us didn't hev no complaint last summer, but this season he's allus kickin' 'bout the butter.

Hank Hunkins—What's the matter with it?

Uncle Ezra—Cussed if I know. It's the same butter we had last year.—Judge.

### Not Impossible.

"You say the defendant then executed a backdown. Are those the words you used?" asked the lawyer, who was badgering the witness.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness.

"I would like to have you inform me how a man can 'execute' a backdown."

"Well, sir, he could hang his head, couldn't he?" said the witness, fiercely.—Chicago Tribune.

### Fair Warning.

"Don't bother me for money so," said Mr. C. to Mrs. C.

"Quit thinking that this cake'll 'ough' or pretty soon your cake will be," Philadelphia Press.

### SUCH A POOL QUESTION.

"Say, pa, how do the astronomers always know when there is going to be an eclipse?"

"Why, you stupid! Don't you suppose they read the papers the same as anybody else?"—Helter Skelter.

### A Father's Song.

To see my happy children play  
Doubtless my soul doth delight,  
But my mother, hurry up, I say,  
And stop this awful fight.

And they were all friends,  
The Maids of Munnings is awfully proud of her father's riches. She's always bragging about having been born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

Fanny—Really! Judging by the size of it, a soup ladle would have gone in easily.—Ally Sloper.

### His Mind Made Up.

Gibbs—It's no use arguing, my dear, I am going to give up my pew in church. I can't stand that new preacher any longer.

Wife—But, John—

Gibbs—But nothing, Maria. I haven't slept a wink for the last three Sunday mornings.—Tit-Bits.

### The Joke of a Mean Man.

He knew his wife was listening to his conversation with the tramp.

"So you've had hard luck," said the man.

"I've had all the hard luck a fellow can have," replied the tramp.

"Ah!" said the man, "then you've been married?"—Chicago Post.

### A Creditable Record.

"You needn't raise your head so high," said the woodpecker to the oak tree. "It isn't so long ago when you were only an acorn."

"Indeed; but then remember that I never bored my neighbors."—Brooklyn Life.

### Now What Did She Mean?

"They asked me to their reception," said the girl with the naturally curly hair; "but it wasn't because they like me, it was because I can sing."

"Oh, I'm sure you are mistaken," said the other girl, impulsively.—Tit-Bits.

### A Case in Point.

Ella—There's nothing like falling in with the right people.

Stella—I know it. I went rowing with a fellow the other night; and he both fell into the water, and if he hadn't known how to swim I should have been drowned.—Brooklyn Life.

### Court Note.

Blobbs—Wigwag is always going to law about something.

Slobbs—That's right. He's even going to marry a girl named Sue.—Tit-Bits.

### A Definition.

"Johnny, what is an island?"

"An island is one of dem places what yer can't leave widout a boat."—N. Y. Journal.

## FRUITS AS FOOD.

There is Health in Apples, Yourishment in Nuts and Cures for Ills in Both.

It is said that those who eat fruit need fewer stimulants than those who do not. There are many persons who simply cannot combine the two together, says the New York Sun.

A case is cited of a dyspeptic who would drink anything rather than water. She required something which would bite and sting and she would drink red ink, or in fact almost anything that was acrid. And so some fruits—at the outset, perhaps, unripe fruits—might help to remove any unnatural desire for drink.

Fruits have always been considered a valuable remedy for invalids suffering from almost any kind of disease. Albert Broadbent, an authority on the apple, says for instance:

"With rare exceptions apples are good for those disposed to gout and sluggish liver, and for those who follow a sedentary life. The juice of apples without sugar will often reduce acidity of the stomach, becoming changed into the alkaline correctives and thus curing our fermentative food."

"Where unsweetened cider is used as a common beverage, stone or calculus is unknown; but how much better the fresh ripe fruit must be."

Oranges, again, are used as a cure for influenza, especially in Florida. Nearly every fruit will purify the blood, partly because of the soft water (which takes up more injurious material in the system than hard water) and partly because of its salts. Lemon is famous for this reason.

But such fruits are by no means rich in proteid. Somewhat richer, though often overestimated in this respect, are figs and prunes and raisins. The banana abounds in fatty and oily material.

Nuts are the proteid kings among fruits. It is on them that the apes maintain much of their vigor.

Thus the almond can be thoroughly masticated, or else powdered or milled. It is rich in oil as well as in proteid. Almonds and raisins, which are so often taken after a full meal, are, like cheese, absolutely a complete meal in themselves; so great is our ignorance about food values.

It is said of the almond: "Nut cream is recommended for brain workers. It is made as follows: Pound in a mortar or mince finely three blanched almonds, two walnuts, two ounces of pine kernels; steep over night in orange juice, lemon juice, etc. This cream should be made fresh daily, and may be used in place of butter."

Milk of almonds is made of the kernels finely minced, with boiling water added. Almonds roasted to the color of amber are delicious to eat with biscuits or bread and butter.

"Grated in a nut mill they are good to serve with any kind of steved fruit. They are useful medicinally, because of their soothing and emollient properties. They should always be blanched in hot water, the skins being indigestible."

Good fruits should be chosen, and not pulpy and fibrous rubbish. These fruits should be carefully washed and eaten while still fresh, if possible.

As to the peel, some cannot digest it; but the juice within and near the peel is valuable, and hence the peel should be boiled and the strained water taken as a drink, or at least added to some dish.

The fruit cure is probably the pleasantest of all cures. It has many varieties, oranges, apples and grapes being three of the best known kinds.

HE CREATED A SENSATION.

The Town's First Uniformed Policeman Was the Cause of Much Wonder and Terror.

The old inhabitants of towns are fond of exchanging reminiscences of early days. This was the case recently in a small New England city and one of the matters recalled was the establishment of its police department, relates an eastern exchange. The force was small in number, but one of its members was almost a giant in size—six feet four and a half inches tall and broadly built. There chanced to be a hitch about the delivery of the men's uniforms, so that only one was received promptly and the Goliath of the force stalked forth in his splendor alone.

Naturally he created a sensation. As he patrolled the long winding street that ran the whole length of the place there were many comments upon his personal appearance, most of which were discreetly uttered after he had passed out of hearing. A long, low, shabby, crack-witted ne'er-do-well stepped up and touched the gorgeous figure on the arm.

"Say, mister," he whispered, humbly, "tell me the safest law to break and I'll break it—for the honor of walking down Main street with them buttons."

The information requested was not vouchsafed and the ne'er-do-well marched on in his buttons and his dignity. But a little farther along a small boy who was playing in the front yard was no less impressed, although more bewildered, by the glittering and mighty apparition. He gave one look, eyes and mouth at their roundest, and then dashed indoors, crying to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, look! look! Is he war or the circus?"

Even after he had become a familiar figure to the citizens the huge guardian of the peace retained some of his impressiveness. To one prisoner at least he so embodied the terrors of the law that the man submitted to an arrest which a few words of explanation at the time could have averted. When, in court, he did at length explain, the judge inquired in astonishment why he had not done so before. Smiling confidently at his honor the accused replied:

"Well, judge, it's like this: You're folks; but as for that Bunker hill monument with a helmet on top, he may be a first-rate hand-cuff machine, but he ain't a man. I didn't darst argy with him. No, sir! I'd as soon thought of tryin' to make my position clear to the town fire engine."

Pieces in a Shoe.

There are over a hundred distinct pieces in the ordinary shoe, including the 44 parts, the lasting, the heels, the heel nails, threads and laces.—Indianapolis News.

## A VANISHING ARMY.

Columns of Our Brave Citizen Soldiers Are Serried.

Thoughts Suggested by the Grand Army Encampment at Washington—War Songs Still Move the Multitude.

[Special Washington Letter.]

VANISHING from the face of this earth are the serried columns of citizen soldiers whose campaigns and battles shook the world 40 years ago, and whose victories settled for all mankind and for all time that one man shall not eat his bread in the sweat of another man's face.

Regiment after regiment has disappeared over the brow of the hill of time. During these recent years they have been going into the impenetrable beyond, brigades after brigade, every year. Now they are going by divisions, and soon whole army corps will annually disappear until all of them are gone.

The feeble remnants of those powerful masses of men are here now in their last position at the national capital, and they are numerous enough to establish headquarters for the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of the Middle Military division, the Army of West Virginia, the Army of Ohio, the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Gulf; but this is the last time on earth that they can do so, for in another decade or half of that time, they will have gone forth clothed with the benedictions of an emancipated race and the benisons of the land of the free whose perpetuity they preserved.

Ten years ago they gathered here. The average age of the veterans then was 50 years. Still sturdy and strong they presented a grand appearance, did the Grand Army of the Republic when they paraded Pennsylvania avenue, with ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes in the front rank. Gen. Benj. Harrison was then president of the republic, but he was unable to mingle with his comrades or to see them in review, because of the fatal illness of his wife.

William McKinley, the last union soldier-president, and the last that ever will be, was here with the Ohio troops, wearing his grand army uniform and mingling freely with "the boys." Today they are gathered here, but Hayes, Harrison and McKinley are not with them. They have gone to the Land of the Dead. They are with that "cloud of witnesses" that no man can see and no man number. Their bodies rest and their souls are in the little green tent which nature spreads for every soldier.

The greatest living volunteer soldier, the lieutenant general of the army, is absent from this city and from the country, on duty in the far east. Gen. Miles has attended every reunion of his comrades since the organization of the grand army, until this year, when he is unavoidably detained from attendance upon the encampment. He enlisted as a private soldier when only 20 years of age, just before attaining his majority. When the civil war closed he was a brigadier general, having fought his way up. He was supposed to be mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Therefore he was unable to be in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. But he was in every other battle fought by the Army of the Potomac. There is no soldier living with a better record than he made then, and in subsequent Indian campaigns. His recent campaign of strategy in Porto Rico elicited enco-

pliments from the great soldiers of the world. He is now serving his last year, and will be retired during the coming summer, on account of age. Soon he, too, will be passing over to join the columns of the vanishing army on the frontiers of the world of mystery, where listening love hears only the rustle of the wings of hope and breathes the invisible beckonings of love returned.

"Forty years ago," says venerable William T. Turpin, "the army blue uniforms were welcomed with tears of joy and shouts of pride. The first troops that came to prevent the capture of this city received the welcome of all the inhabitants. Gradually they came, and soon the streets were filled with soldiers marching back and forth. The officers filled the hotel lobbies, thronged the streets and galloped hither and yon. They were all busy. There are as many old soldiers here now as at any time during the war, excepting the grand review; but that was immediately after the war. But the numerous uniforms alone fulfill the desire of memory."

"This picture is vastly different from that. Forty years ago very few of the

soldiers were more than 25 years of age. Fewer still were over 30. We seldom saw a man of 40 or 50 in uniform. They were stalwart, handsome fellows. Each man was fresh from school, home, mother, sister, sweetheart or young wife. It was indeed a grand army, for there was grandeur in the turgid strength of every man, while the marching of the columns was the tread of powerful precision. Every man was master of himself, self-assertive and eager for the fray."

"In this grand army of today there is not a man less than 55, and they are very few. Some of the little drummer boys are here, but all of them are 55 or more. The average age of these veterans is 60. Their hearts are as light and their spirits as bright as in the heyday of youth, but they don't march as though every step were a

pleasure and every alignment a rhythm of collective individual power. The grand army which I saw during the civil war not only had ruddy cheeks, but hair with some coloring matter in it. The boys had black, brown, red or auburn hair. But here is an army of men whose heads are all blossoming as the almond tree, and there is not a ruddy cheek to be seen."

Yes, the pictures are different, as drawn by the man who saw them then, and who sees them now. But it is a great pleasure to see them and observe the fact that they do not realize the lapse of time, and very few seem to understand that this is their last gathering in this city. They are seemingly as happy and contented with their reunion as a lot of boys on a picnic or other excursion. They are living in the past—living it all over again.

One of "the boys" from Minnesota sang songs for a crowd of comrades in a hotel on the avenue, beginning with "I feel just as happy as a big snailflower." Finally he started the "Star Spangled Banner," and all joined with him. Then he told a story of the song, saying:

"Frank Lombard, who used to sing 'Old Shady' for us, was a popular minstrel before the war, and he sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' all over the north and south. He could sing it better than anybody else, because of the range and power of his voice. In June, 1862, while we were creeping closer against Vicksburg until our earthworks were so near each other that we could almost throw stones across the line, Frank Lombard came into our camps one night and entertained us with a lot of songs. When he sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' we heard a voice calling: 'Say, Yank! Ain't that Frank Lombard?' When we answered in the affirmative, the voice called back: 'I heard him sing it in New Orleans. It sounds good to hear him again!'

One veteran from Maine has brought with him a quartette of his grandchildren, and their singing is marvelous to the old soldiers. The old man likes to show them off, and although they are all about 20 years of age (the children of the old man's four children), they like to show off, too. They can sing 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground' and bring tears to the cheeks of the old boys, while they win shouts of applause from the surrounding crowds. And their 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching,' is always good for an encore.

During the long lulls when there was no marching and no fighting to be done, everybody learned how to play cards to pass the time away; and lots of fellows learned how to win away the small salaries of the others. It is very apparent that they have not forgotten their old tricks, for in all of the tents there have been gathered a lot of fellows playing seven-up and poker. One old, grizzled fellow from Kentucky says that he came here expecting the other fellows to pay his expenses, and he has been enough to satisfy him. And he claims to love his comrades as well as any of the other fellows; and he probably does, too. But where old soldiers gather some of them are bound to gamble, just as they used to do.

Another habit of the long ago has been painfully apparent. There are some old fellows here who have been looked upon as models of dignity at home for many years, who have been unable to say "no" to old comrades who have invited them to "take a little commodity." Indulging, for the sake of old times, they have overlooked the fact that they can't stand what they once could, and quite a number of them have felt their legs giving way beneath them, and the ambulance have taken them to the hospital.

But yet they are a grand army, and even those who have shown their weaknesses by reason of old age and good fellowship, are entitled to the love and veneration of us all; and of their children's children, for many generations and ages.

Good-by, old boys; we ne'er shall see you like again. SMITH D. FRY.

Telling the Good News.

Mrs. Youngs—And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise.

Old Eacheol (one of the judges)—Yes, madam, we all agreed your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.—N. Y. Weekly.

Terrible.

First Microbe—Did you hear of the accident that happened to poor little Bacillus? Almost crushed to death.

Second Microbe—Oh, dear! How did it happen?

First Microbe—He was sitting on a girl's lip when an awful man kissed her.—N. Y. Sun.

Accounting for His Time.

Jack—Well, how did you spend your vacation?

Bill—Monday I went to the races; Tuesday I went to let's see—where—Tuesday I—

Jack—(interrupting)—You went to the pawnbroker's, of course. How about Wednesday?—Town Topics.

A Success.

First Surgeon—I performed a very critical operation yesterday, yet I rejoice to say that it was a success.

Second Surgeon—Ah—then the patient lived!

First Surgeon—No, he didn't, but the operation was a brilliant success.—Ohio State Journal.

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"HAVE SOME COMMISSARY?"

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## SUFFERED SEVEN YEARS

With Catarrhal Derangements of the Pelvic Organs.

Hundreds of Dollars Spent In Vain—Peruna Cured.



Miss Kate Brown.

Miss Kate Brown, Recording Secretary of the L. C. B. Association of Kansas, in a letter from 605 N. Seventh st., Kansas City, Kan., says:

"For seven years I have not known what it was to spend a well day. I caught a severe cold which I neglected. It was at the time of menstruation and inflammation set in and prostrated me. Catarrh of the kidneys and bladder followed, my digestive organs gave way, in fact the cold disarranged my whole system."

"I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and medicine, but derived but little benefit until I began treatment with Peruna. I kept taking it for nearly nine months before I was completely cured, but I kept growing better gradually so that I felt encouraged to continue taking Peruna until my health was restored. I send my thanks and blessings to you for Peruna."—Miss Kate Brown.

Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanatorium, Columbus, O.

A Fatal Mistake.

She was from Philadelphia, and he was from New York. They were at a summer hotel, and he was dining right well, considering there were six other claps waiting at the next table for the signal.

"Am I the only person you know in Philadelphia?" she asked, as they sat in the moonlight, and gazed.

"The only one," he responded, sweet and low.

"Didn't you ever stop there?"

"Stop there?" he asked in forgetful astonishment. "That's all anybody ever does there, isn't it?"

Then the blow fell.—N. Y. Herald.

Shelley—The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance.

Water in It.

"My dear," said Mr. Kewell, as he pointed indignantly at a glass of something on the table, "what is the water in this?"

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Kewell. "You know the health authorities have advised us to take all the water we use, and that is a statement you bought for dollars."—Indianapolis News.

"My dear," said the young husband, "did you speak to the milkman about three things he wrote on the label?"

"Yes, I said to him about it this morning, and he has explained it satisfactorily, and I think it is quite a credit to him, too."—What did he say?

"He said: 'Be always filled the bottles so full that there was no room on the top for the cream.'"

THE DUKER OF ARQUEL.

The Ventures of Robert Bruce.

JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER, The Supreme Court.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT, A Thanksgiving Story.

T. P. O'CONNOR, Prime Ministers' Wives.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M. P., On the Flank of the Army.

HENRY VAN DYKE, Keeping Christmas.

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